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Dorcas Caledon, THE HEIRESS OF CALEDON HEIGHTS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY PLORENCE E. DIAMOND. CHAPTER X.

What happened next I do not know, but when I regained consciousness I was lying on the pavement and the keen winter wind fanned my temples. I was alive, yet some one held my head. I turned to see who it was and uttered a cry of surprise. It was Oliver Dudley! I could not see plainly in the glare of the burning building. I sat up at once. "Mr. Dudley!" I cried, but could say no more, so overcome was I by the terrible scene through which I had passed. "You are better now, Dorcas," he said his tones calm as though we had met but yesterday. "I must look after Miss Armund, for I fear she is hurt. We should never have escaped but for her," he added, as he rose to

his feet and assisted me up.
"But for Miss Armund?" I said, breath lessly. "Was she here?" "Yes, it was her who found the side window and forced it open," he answered. "Surely she sprang through after us. Still I can find no trace of her.

We searched through the different corners, going as near the burning building as we dared, but no trace could we find of the missing woman. The crowd had somewhat cleared from the front; there was a quiet settling down on those who had escaped



the dumb anguish of grief to the most, for few families had escaped entire, while the shrieks from the burning building had all been hushed when the great walls fell in. I was still searching among the crowd for a trace of Miss Armund, when a call from Mr. Dudley summoned me to him. I found him bending over the still form of the poor old woman, whose white face looked still and set as if in death. Her clothing was badly burned, but her injuries must have been mainly due to her fall on the brick pavement. I raised her head and fanned death. The hard lines were softened down but no sign of life returning, I begged Mr. Dusley to get a carriage, if possible, and have her taken to a house. He did so, but it was when attempting to help the driver lift her in that I observed his right arm was helpless. I ran to help in his stead, inquiring if he was hurt. "It is my arm," he said, steadily, though

he was deadly pale. "I fear it is broken." I could have knelt down at his feet in the cold street and begged his forgiveness for all the unkind things I had ever said of him; but he motioned me to enter the carriage and, after giving the driver orders to drive to Mrs. Leiberg's, I did so. We entered the great house that I had left a short hour be-fore in such gaiety and splendor, in sorrow and mourning. Mr. Leiberg had escaped unhurt, but his wife had been severely injured by the crush, we found. She was lying on a couch, pale and still, gasping faintly, when we bore Miss. Armund into the

The doctor who was attending Mrs. Leiberg had the satisfaction of seeing her soon out revealing the secret of my birth, which appear a little revived; but Miss Armund I felt sure she possessed. She had only babremained unconscious for ten hours, despite bled meaninglessly of people who were the combined efforts of Mrs. Kent, the doc- nothing to me. What mattered it? I saidtor and myself to arouse her. But just at | her talk of Philip Caledon; he was naught to dawn she revived. I bent over her, asking me, surely. softly if she was better. She looked up into my eyes, a strange gladness in hers, a sort light sleep, into which I had fallen, by some of dumb joy that made my heart ache, but one announcing that Miss Clayton and her she did not answer. The doctor gave her a daughter had arrived. Mrs. Kent came up sleeping draught and then bade us all leave to my room in some excitement. the room except Mrs. Kent, who would watch with the sick woman. I went to my greet them," she said; "Mrs. Lieberg evithe room except Mrs. Kent, who would room and, after throwing off my rich dress and donning a calico wrapper, I went down and has sent up word for you to meet them." again to inquire about Mr. Dudley, who I I hardly knew what to do. I dreaded to found was being attended by the physicians, who pronounced his arm broken in two places, and he was now lying in the west parlor, looking strangely pale and ill; yet he smiled faintly and endeavored to make ·light of his injuries when I inquired and expressed my regret at his misfortune.

For the next few days little else was at tended to except the wants of the three invalids at the Leiberg mansion. I devoted myself almost entirely to Miss Armund, who seemed ill at ease whenever I left her sight. Her injuries were of a very serious sight. Her injuries were of a very serious where Mrs. Clayton was standing with her character, and the doctor gave little hope of daughter, proud, beautiful Irma Barrett at her recovery, even from the first, and at the her side. I bowed and extended my hand end of three days he expressed his very grave doubts as to her surviving twentyfour hours longer, and hinted that if she had any business affairs to settle she had better attend to them at once. The doctor was then closeted with her for some time. at the end of which he came out looking extremely grave and concerned. He motioned me to his side. "Miss Armund," he said, "is much worse, but she seems in more anguish of mind than body. She desires me to telegraph at once for Mrs. Clayton, who, she says, is a friend of hers; and she also desires to see Oliver Dudley at once. I will," he continued, "go at once to the tele graph office and send the dispatch. Will you, Miss Lynn, be so kind as to deliver her

message to Mr. Dudley?" "I will at once," I answered, and the doctor hurried away. Then all at once it flashed upon me that now most likely was to be revealed the mystery that surrounded me, for that Mrs Clayton and Miss Armund possessed a secret that was of more or less value to me I never doubted. But would the dying woman reveal it? or would she die and the precious secret be buried with her? I felt my brain whirl at the thought. Surely fate would never be so cruel. Miss Armund had seemed to find my presence agreeable in the last few days, though her injuries had prevented her from conversing. I clung to the hope that she was my friend, after all, and this helped to calm, somewhat my excited feelings. I delivered her message to Mr. Dudley with tolerable composure, and then rushed off to my own room to wait in strange, shivering suspense the arrival of Lena Clayton. An hour passed, two, three and then there was a summons from Miss Armund's room. I was sent for. I went in and was struck at once by the change in her a few hours had wrought; her face was gray and drawn, her eyes sunken, yet glittering with a deadly brightness. Evidently this world and its troubles were nearly over with her.

I went in softly. Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Leiberg and Oliver Dudley were in the room,

but they withdrew at once, leaving us alone together. A strange, solemn hush brooded over all at first; the bright fire crackled and blazed on the hearth, sending a warm

rich damask curtains, drawn aside, revealed the snowy world outside, where the keen winter winds whistled shrilly. A few chattering snow-birds flew wildly about, and now and then a passer-by walked swiftly past. All within was warmth and luxury; outside cold and bitter wind; but to the pallid face on the pillow snow and sun were alike unheeded. She had passed

the line where earthly elements cease to vex I sat down near the head of the bed and

smiled up in my face.
"You are kind to me, Dorcas, little

Dorcas that I wronged so fearfully," she murmured, dreamily. "Yet he was cruel," she cried, suddenly. "He knew how madly, how fiercely I loved him; yet he did not heed me. I was poor-so poor, and he was rich; ah, me! how rich and handsome was Phillip Caledon, with that dark bonnie beauty that wins women's hearts so

She paused. I listened breathlessly. Of whom was she speaking? My heart beat hard and fast with expectation, but she was silent. She seemed to have been talking more to herself than to me. But presently she started up suddenly.

"I helped to save her; surely that will be part atonement for my crime, yet Lena was as much to blame as I, and I hate her!



"PHILLIP, I RIGHTED THE WRONG."

I hate her, with her false, cruel face and sneering ways, and I will not, I can not, I shall not die with so great a wrong unrighted. It is righted, Phillip! I did it for revenge upon you, but I have righted it; surely you will forgive!"

Her voice had risen to a shriek almost as she continued; but at the last she fell back upon her pillow quite white and still. I was terribly frightened by her words, so strange and wild, and by her ghostly appearance; but I applied restoratives to her, and, finally, she breathed again, but faint-ly, and her eyes did not unclose. "Phillip," she murmured, softly, while a

smile of ineffable peace settled over her "Phillip, I righted the wrong. I am so glad now-it was for love I did it." Ithe faint voice trailed away into silence, and again she was still and white. In vain I tried to arouse her. I opened the window finally, and the keen air filled the room; the light wind lifted a tress of her gray hair and tossed it over the still face. But no wind or warmth could ever stir the still, shrunken figure to life again. Miss Armund was dead, I found. When unable to

I stood for some time gazing down on the still form, so quiet and peaceful looking in now, and death had kindly smoothed out the many wrinkles, and her toil-hardened hands were folded calmly as a childs on her bosom.

revive her again, I summoned the rest of

wrecked this woman's life, some poignant grief had broken her heart and embittered her nature; but what that had been I could not guess; something in connection with Phillip Caledon, doubtless, for it was his name that was last on her lips in life. But what wrong could she have committed to him or his? He was dead, had died years ago, his wife, who, was dond, and their lit-tle girl, the baby heiress of Caledon. Had I not heard often enough the story of her death from the servants at the Heights? Surely her thoughts had been wandering, for wrongs to the dead can hardly be right,

I went up to my room and sat down by the fire, in a dreary, unhappy mood. Miss: Armund was dead, and she had died with-

I was awakened in the afternoon from a

dently thinks you are acquainted with them, I hardly knew what to do. I dreaded to go down and encounter their haughty, insulting manners which I felt sure they would exhibit, and I dare not stay away lest it look suspicious.

'Accordingly, urged by Mrs. Kent, I deseended to the parior, where I found assem-bled the Leibergs, Oliver Dudley, Mrs. Clayton and her daughter, beside the physician and one or two others.

It is not to be wondered at that I felt some trepidation on entering. But, resolutely swallowing my fears, I crossed to to them in token of friendly greeting. But what was my amazement and chagrin when they only returned my salutation with a haughty, inquiring stare, as if we were the most distant strangers. I feit ready to sink with shame and mortification, for I saw all eyes were fixed upon me, and my first impulse was to rush from the room and hide myself, drown myself, any thing only that I might be spared the insults this family had heaped upon me. But the next moment my proud spirit asserted itself. I would not be quelled or beaten without a struggle. I

stepped back cooly.

O'You may or you may not recognize me, Mrs. Clayton," I said, "but we are not strengers, you and I, however much you may wish to impress these people to that

Mrs. Clayton colored and bit her lip. Irma endeavored to annihilate me with a glance, but I did not falter. Just at this critical mement, when all were viewing me with amazement, Mr. Dudley stepped forward, smiling and bowed in that courteous way of his, saying lightly, as if it were the most natural mistake in the world, though I understood it all:

"Is it possible, Mrs. Clayton, that you have forgotten our mutual friend, Miss

I felt rather than saw the meaning glance he farew at her from his brown eyes. But Mrs. Clayton understood at once, evidently, for she greated me, in a rather constrained

manner, however, and Irma followed her mother's example. I accepted it, for I could not do otherwise with those inquiring eyes upon me; but my anger was roused and my cheeks burned hotly while my heart beat fast and hard with a passion of rage and

Armund was lying, slum' ring so quietly. Mrs. Clayton expressed since grief at her friend's death, but I saw that it was only assumed for there was an undercurrent of joy running through the whole of her afected grief, and I saw she gave the orders for the necessary arrangements attending the interrment of her friend with evident

satisfaction. Mrs. Clayton had changed somewhat in the past ten years. She was still handsome, but there were dark lines about the proud mouth, and heavy rings, that told of sleepless nights, under the large liquid eyes Irma, too, looked worn and haggard; but no wonder, I thought, when her twin brother is imprisoned on the awful charge of mur-

The funeral of Miss Armund was over the still, withered form had been consigned to mother-earth, and we were all again assembled in the dull, fire-lighted parlor babe could be obtained. The nurse had left that night; but seeing how violent her it quietly sleeping in its little bed, and when mother was becoming she finally conserved.

to hear something of importance; but presently Mrs. Clayton arose and spoke some-

what hurriedly and sharply:
"Mr. Dudley," she said, "you informed me that my presence and my daughters (indicating Irma, with a nod toward her), was necessary here to attend to some legal matter pertaining to the will of Miss Armund. What they are I am sure I can not imagine or how they can interest us; I am willing to hear them, however, but please be as explicit as sible, as I have important business to attend to yet to-day." She sat down, and Mr. Rathbun, a little

white-haired old gentleman, arose. He announced himself as Miss Armund's legal adviser, and also that he held in his possession her will and other documents of some

Mrs. Clayton smiled. It was a smile of triumph and disdain. What did the will of the old, unloved woman amount to, anyway ?

"I have no wish to cause you unnecessary delay, Mrs. Clayton," said the old gentleman, politely; "I will therefore proceed

He then began to read the will of Agnes Armund, which bequeathed to an asylum for indigent widows her entire fortune which consisted of ten thousand dollars, which amount would be found deposited in the B- bank, and it also appointed Mr. Rathbun and Oliver Dudley as executors, The lawyer laid down the will when he had finished reading it. Mrs. Clayton made a movement to rise and leave, but he detained her with a motion of his hand. Be patient, please, he said; "this other paper I have here is probably the one in which you are concerned."

He held up a sealed packet. "This," he continued, "was given me by Miss Armund about a year ago; of its contents I know nothing, but she requested me to read it at the same time I should her will: I will now do so.'

He tore open the packet, disclosing several sheets of note paper closely written. Mrs. Clayton turned pale, I saw her gasp suddenly, as if choked; but the next instant she regained her self-composure. The lawyer began to read slowly-every word being distinctly heard in the dead stillness that reigned, even the clock ticked less loudly than before it seemed.

"Years ago," the letter or statement ran there lived in A- a family known as the Caledons; they were a proud race, rich as



"OF ITS CONTENTS I KNOW NOTHING."

they were proud also, but kind-hearted, withal, and hospitable as one could wish. But this race, though once numerous, was fast dying out, so that at the time of my story there was only one family that bore the old name. They had four daughters. but only one son, young Phillip Calculan, the pot of his sisters, the had of his parents, was the only one left to bear the fine old name and inherit the grand estate. He was a kind and moral young man, and sensible, too, in spite of all the spoiling he had received. Yet, like all young men who are a good deal sought after he was a little inclined to flirt with the fair sex, though not by any means a lady's man or a dandy. He was so courteous, so kind and so pleasant that more than one fair face blushed at his glance, and more than one heart ached when they discovered that young Phillip

was still heart whole and fancy free. But time wore on, and it was at last declared that Master Phillip had at last fallen a victim to the tender passion. Pretty Senora Eldridge, with her black eyes and winning smiles, had awakened a feeling of love hitherto unknown in that manly bosom. This is what the gossips said, but whether there was any truth or not in this report at the time of its spreading I know not. But that it was wrong was evident when, a month later, as Mr. Caledon, in company with Miss Eldridge, was out on a pleasure excursion in company with a large crowd, a young lady accidentally fell overboard and must have drowned had it not been for the timely aid of Phillip Caledon, who springing into the water, rescued her and brought her safely to land. She, it proved, was a young teacher who, intent upon a holiday, had come unattended on board the yacht. She was not handsome, as heroines are generally painted in novels, but she was wonderfully attractive. At least so Phillip Caledon found her, for he devoted himself to her from that day, and in less than three months they were married. She was an orphan, and he took her at once to live in his grand country seat, where he had every thing fitted up in the richest style, and they were as happy as two birds, they said, being

entirely devoted to each other. But how fared it with Lenora Eldridge, who had firmly set her heart on being mistress of Caledon, and whom rumor very kindly pointed out as the jilted fair one of Phillip Caledon. That she was angry, mortified and wounded we have no doubt, but she did not choose to please her many admiring friends by wearing the willow even for Phillip Caledon. Accordingly the wedding bells had hardly ceased ringing for Phillip Caledon and Dorcas Welby when they rang again for Edgar Barrett and Lepora Eldridge.

Then all seemed settled for awhile for everybody except for Agnes Armund, the poor widow's daughter, who lived in a little cottage on the Caledon estate, and who had loved and worshiped Phillip Caledon as neither Lenora Eldridge nor Dorcas Welby ever did. It was the love of a life time, the love that is the curse of some, that she poured, all unasked, at his feet. And hewhy a careless not a kindly smile, a helping hand, was all he ever dreamed of bestowing on the coarse, lonely hireling who would have given her life for him so gladly. "But with Agnes Armund, as I said before

all seemed strangely unsettled, and people were wont to shake their heads when they passed her, for 'twas said she was a little queer. Howbeit, a year passed away, and there was born to Mr. Barrett a beautiful twin boy and girl. They were the joy of their father's heart, he said, and if rumor spoke true, he had need of something to comfort him beside the cold, unfeeling woman who had married him simply for a subterfuge from gossip, and who made his life a burden by her sharp complaining about their poverty; for he was only a struggling young barrister, and could not afford many luxuries to his beautiful, but wonder, horror held every one speechless, unhappy, young wife. But, suddenly, just as prospects were beginning to brighten for them, Mr. Barrett died, leaving his young wife in poor circumstances, with her two then fell forward on her face. All rushed children only a year old. Simultaneously with his death was the death of Dorcas | head, her own face white as the dead, her Caledon, Philip Caledon's young, much-loved lips drawn, but outwardly she was calm. wife. She left a tiny babe only a day old; a Restoratives were applied, but it was long little girl-Dorcas, they called her, after her | before Mrs. Clayton regained conscious mother. Mr. Caledon was nearly crazed ness, and then she was not herself, but with grief at the loss of his wife; but grad- raved wildly of false statements, of plots to ually he began to look upon the babe with rob her children of their inheritance, of some interest and to find comfort in watch- | Phillip Caledon, Agnes Armund and others, ing its pretty attempt at playfulness, for it | mixing up names and people in strange conwas a strong, healthy child, and grew fast. the father and the grief and consternation | was at last done, though Irma at first deof the servants, when one day the little

over the room at first, as if all were waiting | she returned it was gone. In vain they | but prepared herself for leaving after sosearched: in vain offered immense rewards for even the faintest clue; none could be gained. It remained a mystery, as if the ground had suddenly opened and swallowed her up, so suddenly did the baby heiress of Caledon disappear from her home and the loving hearts that cherished her.' Mr. Caledon was never the same man again; he grew silent and sometimes harsh. Even the presence of his father and mother failed to cheer and comfort him, as of yore, though they strove to the utmost to change his grief for his wife and child and set his

mind in different channels. "It was thus that Lena Barrett found him on her return from her parents, with whom she had been living, and she at once set about devising means for winning the master of Caledon for a second husband In this she succeeded, for Mr. Caledon urged by his parents, who feared their son's reason would become impaired by his grief, finally married the beautiful Widow Barrett, and installed her as the future mistress of Caledon.

"Now, indeed, was Lenora Caledon triimphant; the position she coveted was hers; she was supremely happy for a season. But there is a crease in every roseleaf, 'tis said, and Mrs. Caledon found hers to be no exception to the general rule, for she had been married but a short time when who should appear but Agnes Armund, who simply asked to see Mrs. Caledon, and in the interview that followed gave evidence of a very correct knowledge of the whereabouts of Dorcas Caledon, for whom the sorrowful father was then mourning his life away, praying ever for only one glimpse of baby Dorcas before he died.

"It would have been naturally suppose that Mrs. Caledon would have caught eager ly at this clue of restoring to her husband what would have been such a stimulant to his failing state, the restoration of his be loved child. But far from it, indeed, were her intentions, she had no idea of being sec ond to little Dorcas in the affections and generosity of the master of Caledon; besides her own children were just gaining favor with their stepfather, and there was no doubt if he died without leaving an heir, they would inherit the Caledon property. To the fulfillment of this wish Mrs. Caledon bent all the energies of her strong, passion-

"By skillful bribes she secured the promise of half-crazed Agnes Armund to keep the knowledge she possessed a secret. She also worked upon the fears of the poor creature, declaring if she were to reveal the whereabouts of the babe or even restore it to its father, she would certainly be imprisoned for abduction, and no doubt a long term of penal servitude would be her reward. She took care, also, to enlarge upon the debt of revenge that Agnes owed Philip Caledon for the slighting of the great love she bore him.

"All these combined sufficed to bewilder and confuse the already tortured mind, and so with evil tenacity she hugged the precious secret to her bosom, and lived on, ever unhappy and wretched, yet bitter and un-

vain searching for his lost child, Mr. Caledon sank into his grave, and Caledon Heights was without a master, and the old name extinct, except for old Mr. Caledon, and for whom he had never ceased to mourn. "Mrs. Caledon, though she mourned her she married again shortly after his death. sole heirs with one clause only in the will- earth and roof, like small Mahomets, that was should the lost heir of his estate, than a cellar of dust-begrimed bottles of his beloved daughter, Dorcas Caledon, ever be discovered, then the estate should be hers with the exception of a legacy to

both Irma and her brother.
"It was after the death of Phillip Caledon that a glimpse of the great wrong she had committed to this man began to dawn upon the mind of Agnes Armund. But even then the desire for revenge was too strong to allow her to make reparation. She loved to think of the heiress of Caledon as a dependent among strangers, to gloat over the thought that when she should have grown be a poor, oppressed, hard-worked drudge smoke-houses and Chicago stock pens. for the same pitiless world that had treated her (Agnes) so cruelly.

"So the years flew on. Dorcas Caledon was still an inmate of an orphans home and | Congressman Rayner's Fierce Attack or Caledon Heights still was the property of the Barretts. It was when Dorcas Caledon was ten years old that Agnes Armund conceived the idea of bringing her to her right ful home and there have her educated and reared as were the Barrett children. Perhaps it was a desire to annoy the mistress of Caledon, whom she hated, or perhaps a feeling of remorse prompted this act. Howbeit it was done, and Dorcas Caledon became an inmate of her rightful home. How she was treated by the inmates of Caledon I can not justly say, but in a not too indulgent manner, I should infer, from the fact that at the age of fifteen the girl ran away and could not be traced or again heard of though strenuous efforts were made to discover her whereabouts both by Agnes Armund and Oliver Dudley, a young man who had always felt a strong interest in the little waif who was maintained at the Heights in so strange a manner. He had just rehad promised the child, to see after her wel-

fare; but she, evidently tired of her dull, unhappy life, had fled just at the moment when her presence was most desired, and search as they might no clew could be ob-"Here the lawyer paused, and Mr. Dudley

handed him a folded paper. He opened it and again read on: "One, two years passed, and Agnes Armund and Oliver Dudley were beginning to despair of over finding the girl, concluding she must have died unheard of, when, what was Agnes' surprise and delight, one day, while driving in the park, to suddenly meet the long looked-for one, and not poor, wretched or haggard, as her feverish fancy had painted her, but blooming, beautiful and happy, and richly dressed and in company with ladies of unmistakable wealth and high

standing. Little more is there to tell; you are all familiar with the burning of the opera house. Agnes Armund and Oliver Dudley were present and had just discovered the person they sought when the alarm of fire was given. By a mere accident they succeeded in saving her life and their own.

The is the end. I Agnes Armund, on my dving bed, have freely confessed the crime I committed seventeen years ago, and for which I have suffered a living death ever since. But what reparation is in my power I make. The rightful heiress of Caledon is, or should be, present in the person of Dorcas Lynn, adopted daughter of Mrs. Kent. Her rightful name is Dorcas Caledon and she is the only living descendant of

Having made this reparation I rest content, trusting an all-merciful Providence will not judge me too harshly, for the crime committed in a moment of frenzy, and con-

cealed afterward by fear, revenge and avaricious influence." The lawyer paused, laid down the paper and sat down. A deathly stillness remained for several moments over all. Surprise, for a time. But the silence was broken by to her assistance. Irma lifted her mother's fusion. Mrs. Leiberg insisted on her being "But what was the horror and anguish of put to bed and a physician sent for, which clared her mother must leave with her, as crib was found empty, and no trace of the it was very impoatant they should be at R-

liciting Mrs. Lieberg's attentions to her

mother: She would not allow the carriage to be brought, but started on foot for the railway station, though it was snowing and the wind blew fiercely. Mr. Leiberg, afraid to trust her alone, accompanied her in spite of her protestations, and saw her safely on board the train and then returned to congratulate me, to wonder and talk and wonder again over the strange events and startling revelations of the last few days.

TO BE CONTINUED

RAISE YOUR OWN HOGS. Capt. Peterkin Says that the Best Meat in the World is Raised in South Carolina.

(From the News and Courier.) Capt. J. A. Peterkin, the well-known planter from Orangeburg county, was in the city yesterday. He can always say something that is interesting and instructive in regard to agricultural mat-

In conversation with a representative of the News and Courier yesterday, doubt in his mind that as fine tobacco can be a sad in South Carolina as in any while life lasts.
other State in the Union. The soil and Nor can I refr are all elements in favor of the crop in this State, when it is cultivated with the care that would ordinarily be bestowed upon other crops.

Capt. Peterkin also said that there only one other place in the world, and England, where as fine meat can be produced as in South Carolina. The hogs that we raise here are slops, are just like slop hogs that are grown anywhere else, and there is no difference in the flavor of the meat of corn-fed hogs in South Carolina and of corn-fed hogs elsewhere. But the ordinary farm-raised meat in this State is superior to anything of the grazers, and the food that they get make their meat very sweet and of a most captivating flavor. Our homeraised side meat always has a streak of lean and a streak of fat, while the Northwestern meat is nothing but a mass of

The pity of it is that greater attention is not paid to meat raising by the farmers of this State. In one of his ecstacies of souse Henry Grady recently exclaimed: "Why is it we cannot buy now the sweet, old-fashioned country ham? Judge Sambel Lumpkin lately sent to the writer a half dozen from his private smoke-house of the vintage of 1884, that are simply poems in ashes. Any selfrespecting pig would have died gladly to have been so idealized. In these hams to the Republicans, though only two you catch the flavor of the smoke of the half-covered oak chips above which they drifted with the seasons into perfection. 'nd the red gravy, clear, consistent, flavorous; it is the gravy you used to find home from a long day's hunt in the December wind. I would rather have a national election rallied immediately darkened rafters, its redpepper pods, its since 1884. No comparison is possible festoons of sausage odorous of sage and between the spirit of the party in 1882-83 frma and Irving Barrett, on opening the will festoons of sausage odorous of sage and of Phillip Caledon, were found to be his a hundred such hams suspended between and its spirit in 1886-87. The two

Madeira of '23." Capt. Peterkin raises his own meat. He thinks that smoke rather spoils its flavor, and believes in curing it after another fashion, which makes it sweet and tender the whole year round. What Capt Peterkin succeeds in doing on his model farm in Orangeburg can likewise be done on every other well-conducted farm in this State. When the time comes that every farmer raises his own meat and provisions, then will South Carolina she should go out into the hard world and indeed be independent of Western

the Monopolies. (From the Phi'adelphia Times.) Representative Rayner, of Maryland, in an argument recently before the committee on manufactures on his anti-trust monopoly bill, gave a very interesting and incisive presentation of this systematic robbery of the people. After showing that the bill is constitutional under the nower to regulate commerce, "will you delay," said he, "a report upon this bill one moment longer, in view of everything that you know upon these infamous combinations to bankrupt private enterprise, to depredate upon the business interest and to plunder the people of this country? There is not a day that some iniquitous trust of this sort is not springing to existence. What do you want to investigate? You might turned from abroad, and determined, as he as well investigate as to whether larceny, or highway robbery, or bribery is a benefit or a detriment to the people. They have never hesitated to buy Legislatures and courts whenever the occasion required it, and the opportunity presented itself. I point to the history of the Standard Oil Company and all the other trusts that are now following in its track and emulating its example. The wealth of this monopoly to-day is one hundred and fifty millions and still growing. The profit last year was twenty-five millions of dollars. It started with less than a million dollars. How did it acquire the one hundred and forty-nine millions? By a system of highway robbery and crime such as no civilized country ought to tolerate. In-discountry ought to tolerate in the instinct of self-interest, and by the may slip in and compared with his left hand, the ball passing dividual enterprise, honest competition, still higher promptings of pectiotism. A get out, the wonder is how Laspector through Allee's hat. Allee then fired transportation lines, refineries and pipe lines were all trampled to death under life among older nations gives one a well in hand. But thieves will seek the times, putting three shots into vital parts its merciless march to aggrandizement. "Look at the sugar tru-t to-day. Do you want to investigate that? Summon the Havemeyers with their books. Ask

them two questions; first, what was the value of their plant when they went into the trust; second, what are the profits they are receiving out of it? Why, the total plant of all the refineries only amounted to sixteen millions. To-day it is sixty millions. And then when you are done with the Standard Company and the cotton seed oil trust and the sugar trust, take up the rubber trust, with a capital of fifty millions of dollars, and then take up the lead trust and the linseed oil trust and the slate trust, the oil cloth, salt, steel and scores of other trusts and combines organizing daily with all the speed they can in order to anticipate any action or Congress in the premises. The country is looking to Congress for relief. Realize the magnitude of the subject and listen to the voice of a suffering people resounding through the sentatives to rescue them from the per cent. by buying of us. Instruments clutches of the most dangerous monopo- delivered to any depot on fifteen days' Congress are favorable to own homes. action and are impatient to get the subject in shape to give it prompt and effective concurrence.

It is said that wasps remember their nests ninety-six hours. When a boy gets near a wasp's nest he is apt to remember it for a longer time than that. up the conversation; "sort of an Anglo

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, of would-be Presidential fame, will lecture at Sumter on next Monday next.

MR. BLAINE DECLINES.

He Does Not Want to be President, but

Thinks His Party Will Win. FLORENCE, ITALY, January 25 .- To B. F. Jones, Chairman of the Republican National Committee-Sir: I wish through you to state to the members of the Rapublican party that my name will not be presented to the National Convention, called to assemble in Chicago in June next for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President of the

I am constrained to this decision by considerations entirely personal to myself, of which you were advised more than a year ago. But I can't make the Republican or Democratic or Prohibi announcement without giving expression to my deep sense of gratitude to many thousands of my countrymen who have sustained me so long and so cor- men are bought up by the thousands, dially that their feeling has seemed to so beyond ordinary political adherence of fellow partisans, and to partake somewhat of the nature of personal attachment. For this most generous loyalty Capt. Peterkin said that there was no of friendship I can make no adequate return, but I shall carry the memory of it

Nor can I refrain from congratulating pared with that of 1884. In 1882 the met with disastrous defeat. Ten States that had supported Garfield and Arthur ralities. The Republican loss in Northern elections, compared with the preceding national election, exceeded half a million votes, and the electoral votes of the Union, divided on the basis of the result of 1882, gave to the Democrats over 300 electoral votes out of a total of kind produced anywhere else. Our hogs favor of the Republicans in the elections here fatten on crabgrass; they are of 1883, but the Democrats still had pos-

the basis of the year's contest could show more than 100 majority in the female suffrage. clectoral colleges of the whole country. But against the discouragement naturally following the adverse elections of these two years the spirit of the Republican party in the national contest of 1884 rose high, and the Republican masses entered into the campaign with such energy that the final result depended on the vote of a single State, and that State was carried by the Democratic party by a plurality so small that it repesented less than one-eleventh of one per cent. of the entire vote. The change of a single vote in every two thousand of years before the Democratic plurality exceeded one hundred and nine-two

The elections of 1886 and 1887 have and under. your mother's table when you came the Republican ranks. Seldom in our smoke-house with its loamy floor, its with such vigor as have the Republicans periods present simply a contrast—the will probably direct him. What a Godgain in the results of 1888 over those of After they have assessed a man who is a ries of its entire existence. But victory and round and round and round among

of caimof 1884 over 1882-83 it would get, or assessed him for some office at second one of the most remarkable victorianed, and he has been whirled round doesn't depend on so large a ratio of in- the drinking, smoking, swearing crowd crease. The party has only to maintain who often get control of public affairs, relatively its prestige of 1886 87 to give all that is left of his self-respect or moral State but one, with far better prospects of carrying that one than it has had for neither length, breadth or thickness. the past six years.

irresistible strength. The present Na- sessed to get him out. tional Administration was elected with, if not upon, repeated assertions of its ence upon us has been a wifely ambition leading supporters in every protection consecrated to righteousness. As my State that no issue on the tariff was in- wife is out of town and will not shake volved. However earnestly the Republer her head because I say it in public, licans urged that question as one of con- will state that in my own professional trolling importance in the campaign, life I have often been called of God, as I they were met by Democratic leaders thought, to run into the very teeth of and journals with persistent evasion, con- public opinion, and all outsiders with cealment and denial. 'That resource the whom I advised told me I had better President has fortunately removed. The not; it would ruin me and my church, issue which Republicars maintained and and at the same time I was receiving Democrats avoided in 1884 has been nice little letters threatening me with prominently and specifically brought dirk and pistol and poison if I persisted forward by the Democratic President in attacking certain evils of the day, and cannot be hidden out of sight in until the Commissioner of Police con-1888. The country is now in the enjoy- sidered it his duty to take his place in ment of an industrial system which in a our Sabbath services with forty officers quarter of a century has assured a larger scattered through the house for the prenational growth, more rapid accumula- servation of order. But in my home tion and broader distribution of wealth than were ever before known to history.

The American people will now be openly and formally asked to decide whether God is on our side? And though somethis system shall be recklessly abandon- times it seemed as if I was going out ed and a new trial be made made of an against nine hundred iron chariots, I old experiment, which has uniformly went ahead cheered by the domestic led to national embarrassment and widespread individual distress. On the re- the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine sult of such an issue fairly presented to hands." the popular judgment there is no room for doubt. One thing only is necessary to assure success, complete harmony and cordial co-operation on the part of all Republicans; on the part both of those metropolitan city New York is remark- showed up for breakfast and was given a who aspire to lead and of those vuo are ably free from crime. When it is con- meal. After eating he took a chair in eager to follow. The duty is not one sidered that this city has a floating popmerely of honorable devotion to the ulation of fully 250,000 a day, who enter proached him and demanded that he party whose record and whose sims are and leave by the different means of throw up his hands. Cornett replied, closer observation of the conditions of Byrnes keeps the crooked element so and continued firing for four successive more intense desire that the American society of crooked people as a rule and of Cornett's body. All four shots took people shall make no mistake in choosing through his system no new or old thief effect. Cornett managed to fire a second a policy which inspires labor with hope can move about town twenty-four hours shot, but missed his mark. Allee is a and crowns it with dignity, which gives and fail to be known. If the thief is a Deputy Sheriff of Trio county and has safety to capital and protects its increase, stranger he is brought to some place by been engaged in several scrimmages of which secures political power to every a fellow-thief, apparently, and he is this kind, but he has never before recitizen, confort and culture to every there looked over and photographed by ecceived the plaudits of the people to the home. To this end, not less earnestly a vest camera, and described by one of extent he is now receiving them. and more directly as private citizen than | the Inspector's keen detectives as 'Tomas public candidate, I shall devote my- my Mugs.' The effect of Inspector self with the confident belief that the Byrnes's system is seen and felt, but his administration of the Government will be methods are fully known to no one but restored to that party which has demon-strated the purpose and power to wield detective is a strong factor in the life of hearing that Mr. Blaine would not allow his it for the unity and honor of the Repub- every thief." lic and for the prosperity and progress of the people. I am, very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Organs of the best make at factory City. Goods sent by mail. This firm prices for Cash or easy Instalments. homes and business centres of this coun- Pianos from \$210 up; Organs from \$24 Maine to California. You will actually try and through the medium of an en- up. The verdict of the people is that be surprised at the result, if you will lightened press appealing to their repre- they can save the freight and twenty-five write them. lies that have ever raised their forms trial. We pay freight both ways if not tors at Indianapolis drew out a large attend upon our soil. A majority of both satisfactory. Order and test in your ance from all points of the State. General N. W. TRUMP,

Columbia, S. C.

"Ya'as," said young Mr. Sissy, sucking the head of his cane; "I'm an Angloma-niac, but only in a mild form, y' knaw." "Yes," she responded, by way of keeping

unatic, as it were." There is not so much failure to be charged to "poor luck" as to bad management.

Women to Vote-The Question of Taxing

"I would like to see all women vote, and watch the result," said the Rev. Dr. Talmage Sunday, in his sixth sermon to and it may be affirmed with equal truth the women of America. His subject was that there is nothing in life too serious "Wifely Ambition, Good and Bad," and to be ridiculed by the American newsa great crowd of people listened attentively to the discourse.

preacher. "Most wives and daughters and sisters would vote as their husbands count on the fingers of one's hand those and fathers and brothers voted. Nearly all the families that I know are solidly tion. Those families all voting would make more votes but no difference in the result. Besides that, as now at the polls women would be bought up by the thousands. The more voters the more opportunity for corruption. We have several million more voters now than are for the public good.

"We are told that female suffrage would correct two evils-the rum business and the insufficiency of woman's wages. About the rum business I have climate and conditions of temperature the Republican party upon the cheering to say that multitudes of women drink, prospects which distinguish the opening and it is no unusual thing to see them in of the national contest of 1888 as com- the restaurants so overpowered with in her progress. wine and beer that they can hardly sit Republicen party throughout the Union up, while there are many so-called respectable restaurants where they can go and take their champagne and hot toddy that is one of the farming districts of in the election of 1880 were carried by all alone. Mighty temperance voters Democrats, either by majorities or pluthose women would make! Besides that, the wives of the rumsellers would have to vote in the interest of their husbands' business, or have a time the inverse of felicitous. Besides that, millions of respectable and refined women in America would probably not vote at all, because they do not want to go to the polls, and, 401. There was a partial reaction in on the other hand, womanly roughs would all go to the polls, and that might ness. make woman's vote on the wrong side. session of seven Northern States, and on There is not in my mind much prospect of the expulsion of drunkenness by can farmer's life and labors. The time

"As to woman's wages to be corrected than men are. Masculine employers are mean enough in their treatment of women, but if you want to hear beating down of prices and wages in perfection listen how some women treat washer women, and dressmakers, and female servants. Mrs. Shylock is more merciless than Mr. Shy-

lock. Women, I fear, will never get righteous wages through woman's vote, and as to unfortunate womanhood, women are far more cruel and unforgiving the total poll would have given the State than men are. After a woman has madshipwreck of her character men genera ly drop her, but women do not so much gardless of principle. But surely we drop her as hurl her with the force of a ought to expect better things of our catapult clear out, and off, and down,

demonstrated the growing strength in "I cannot see what right you have to political history has a party defea ed in a ty to help support city, State and national government, and yet deny her the opportunity of helping decide who shall be Mayor, Governor or President. "Is the wife's ambition the political

preferment of her husband? Then that one of general depression, the other of forsaken realm is American politics those enthusiastic revival. Should the party best know who have dabbled in them. 1886-87 in anything like the proportions candidate for office which he does not tained, and he has been whirled round to its national candidate every Northern stamina would find plenty of room on a geometrical point which is said to have Many a wife has not been satisfied till Another feature of the political situa. her husband went into politics, but tion should inspire the Republicans with would afterward have given all she pos-

"Some of us could tell of what influthere has always been one voice to say: voice: 'Up, for this is the day in which

Remarkably Free from Crim . The World asserts that "for a great

Truly this is an age of progress. Well made pants from all woolen goods for only \$3 to your own measure! Scientific blanks, 25 samples of cloth and a liner tupe measure are sent to any address for We are prepared to sell Pianos and Pants Co., of 66 University Place, N. Y. is doing an enormous business from

A meeting of Indiana Republican edisertiment favored making the campaign in cedence. While no official expression was feeling in favor of pushing Ex-Senator 800,000 acres. Harrison as Indiana's candidate for the

Presidency. It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our lives. Our confidential friends as the thoughts which we harbor.

HONOR THE FARMERS.

He Thinks it Wouldn't be Much Use for Show Them the Respect They so Rightfully Deserve.

Herald.

(George H. Sargent in the Epoch.) It has been said that there is nothing about which the American will not joke, paper. So when it is not the sleepy policeman, or the mother-in-law, or the "I do not know that it would change tipsy husband who comes home late at anything for the better," continued the night, it is the American farmer who is made the butt of ridicule. One can journals which discriminate in their columns between legitimate humor or wit, and that ill-timed levity which makes "fun" at the expense of higher and better things in our natures. I am glad to see that the Epoch is one of the carefully

edited papers. This subject may seem trivial, but it is more important than appears at first sight. Not that the ridicule of the press will injure the farmers of the country, but the constant harping upon the mythical ignorance and tollies of this class has a tendency to place more rigid barriers between the city and the country and create caste. And if anyone considers this result desirable, let him tell us how much caste has helped India

So long as the country villages and the rural districts furnish the boys to make the merchants and bankers and railroad magnates of the city, every true American should scorn to speak derisively of

our agricultural population. One thing is needed in this country and that is, an increased appreciation of the real value of patient, plodding toil. The average man has somehow formed the idea that there is something very ludicrous in the efforts of men content with tilling the soil, and working quietly and humbly in the lowly fields of useful

We, as individuals, and as a nation, need a better appreciation of the Ameriwas, perhaps, when it was thought that anyone had brains enough to be a farmby woman's vote, I have not much faith er; but that time, in this country at in that. Women are harder on women least, is past. Any useful class-of citizens working for the advancement of our national welfare is not a proper subject for ridicule; and the low humor which finds for its object our agricultural laborers is not the best matter with which to expand our literature.

It is the duty of the press to do all in its power to elevate and aid the larmers, and to spread right ideas concerning their social and intellectual position, and not to belittle them. There are many who do not care what they write. They aim to construct "readable" articles regreat metropolitan papers, which, from their circulation of and their occasional recognition of higher things, are styled

A NOTED BANDIT KILLED

Brack Cornett, the Notorious Train Rob-

ber, Shot Down by a Deputy Sheriff. St. Louis, February 14.—Brack Cornett, better known as Ceptain Dick, the desperado and leader of the notorious train robbers, was shot and killed yesterday afternoon while resisting arrest by Sheriff Allee, of Trio county, Texas, eighteen miles west of Pearsall Station, on the International and Great Northern Railroad. Cornett was a noted outlaw and a year or two ago organized a band of horse thieves or "rustlers," as they are called in the Southwest, for the purpose of robbing express and mail trains

in Texas. Their first exploit occurred on the Southern Pacific Road at Flatonia, Tex., in the spring of 1887, in which they spared neither express, mail nor passengers. They realized about \$65,000 in cash and other property, one item being \$35,000 worth of diamond jewelry belonging to an Eastern firm. Two weeks later they captured a train at McNeil, on the International and Great Northern Road, and secured about \$18,000 from

the express, the mail and the passengers. After this robbery large rewards were offered for the arrest of the gang by Wells, Fargo and the Pacific Express Companies and the Southern Pacific and International and Great Northern Railroad, and also by the State of Texas, and great efforts were made to capture the gang, but without success. Governor Ross, of Texas, took a very active interest in the matter. The gang next struck a train on the Texas and Pacific, west of Fort Worth, and secured valuable bootv from the express car. The desperadoes then split up for a while, but soon after reorganized and commenced operations again under their old leader, Captain Dick, and pounced down on a Southern Pacific train a second time. Since then they have been scudding under bare poles and running from place to place to keep out of the clutches of the officers,

who have recently been closing in around Cornett had been at Allee's ranch the evening before, had eaten supper there and then disappeared. Next morning he

A Columbus, Ohio, dispatch says: "Senname to be used before the Chicago Convention, said that he had been expecting some such utterance from Mr. Blaine for some time. He had understood it would be forthcoming. Mr. Blaine was one of the foremost Americans whom the Repullicans would delight to honor. Mr. Sherman did not care to talk much about the Blaine letter, but thought it would cause a number of other candidates to come to the front. He proposed to make the race for the Ohio delegation and would contest hon-orably for the nomination. Mr. Blaine was a Republican who could sweep the country if nominated, but he had under stood all along that he would not again seek the nomination. It was on this hypothesis that he (Sherman) had entered the lists.

Within the next two years the North favor of protection, a free ballot and a fair | Carolina State Board of Education concount, the latter features being given pre- templates doing a good deal in the way of drainage and opening of the vast bodies of given, it was plain that there was a strong lands it holds, aggregating very nearly

Gen. Frank Morey, member of the Re nublican national executive committee for Louisiana, says that the preference of his State for presidential candidates will be have not as much to do in shaping our lives | Morton, of New York, for President, and Harrison, of Indiana, for Vice President.